## THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

The Yankees had scarcely finished sorting and swapping their German helmets and other stuff captured between the Marne and the Vesle and packing it off to the folks when they gathered in a whole depot of trophies from the rich regions behind St. Mihiel.

Every doughboy hustling through a vil-

whole depot of trophies from the rica regions behind St. Mihiel.

Every doughboy hustling through a village in that sailent last week had one eye open for lurking Boches and mines and the other eye, the twinkiling eye, open for a souvenir for the girl he's fighting for.

Two privates were jogging through one town on the seat of a ration cart last Friday morning when one of them spied a gray-green, handsomely braided evercoat hanging out to air in front of what had been a German P.C. a few hours before. "I saw it first," said the large one, sternly. "Now, Buddy, while I keep my hand on these mares, you like over there and cut off them sleeves for me. I'll bet Eliza Jane can make something pretty doggone nifty out of them."

The other, nothing loath, got out his pen knife and had just hacked off the second sleeve when out of the house swarmed a staff of junior officers. He felt his legs give way beneath him. He knew by their faces what he had done. He had ruined the overcoat which had been tailored and adorned in America to shelter the general commanding the brigade then in possession of the town.

The general was asleep below. His lieutenants, with ill-concealed relish, woke him up so that the show might start at once. The general said several things whout the vandallsm evidently taught in the rival brigade. He spoke of firing squads, years and year in Fort Leavenworth, pay detained for the duration of the war and so on. Then, after a struggle, he burst out laughing, and that's all there is to that story.

On the eve of such an attack as was launched on the St. Millel salient, if you lack any item in your equipment, you must improvise on the spot.

you must improvise on the spot.

A field hospital was setting up its tents on the top of a hill not far distant from the battlefield when it was discovered that there was no whitewash at hand to paint the giant white cross on the ground which serves to notify the Boche bombers that a hospital is there in operation, the cross which is supposed to protect the hospital, though it has been known to fall. Yet when darkness came, a huge and supremely visible cross lay in the charmed circle. It had been fashioned by stretching out two latrine cloths.

"Our lot has been hard," said the old lady of Thiaucourt when a passing Yankee stopped to give her a drink from his canteen, "but something tells me the lot of the people in Germany has been harder. You should see the German bread, black, heavy, unpalatable bread. Yet the hungry soldler will deny himself half of his so that he may mail some of it home to his folks.

"Think what the want must be in those homes when they have to ask their boys at the front to send them back part of their rations—and such rations."

You may measure the instant success the attack on the St. Mihiel salient of the attack on the St. Mihiel salient by the fact that by sunset of the third day Jewish soldlers were leaving the line for the observance of Yom Kippur. One of them went off to the celebration in particularly uplifted mood. His "breeches, 1 pr. wool O.D." had been scandalously dirty and, noting that fact, his captain had cheerfully lent him his own very best.

A Slovak butcher, working at some German headquarters in the St. Mihlel sallent and blissfully unconscious of impending doom, had breezed into Thiaucourt, where there was the equivalent of a depot quartermaster, to buy him some supplies when he found himself gazing upon three Yankee sharpshooters.

"I was mighty scared at first," he said, "but they had no sooner spoken than I found they were Slovaks, too. You must have all nationalities in your Army, Well, they gave me any orange, they gave me a piece of chocolate, they gave me a cigarette and here I am."

The examining officers at the prisoner pens talk German like natives, but often the prisoners don't and that leads to complications.

Among the spoils of the St. Mihiel salient were many Boche ambulances which supplied striking evidence of the surplied striking evidence of the

One observer at the front on September 12 traversed the roads for six hours. During that time he passed, all told, four wounded Yankees and, in many detachments, about 2,000 German prisoners. This proportion cheered him immensely, and while the ratio was probably not quite so good as all that, his sample of the results was not so very misleading. in that time he passed, all told, wounded Yankees and, in many hments, about 2,000 German prishments, and while the ratio was bly not quite so good as all that, ample of the results was not so misleading.

The Boche shelled the same town a few hours after the Americans got through and continued his shelling intermittently during the next three days, undeterred, the grizzled German communish behind St. Mihlel was named on's Answer."

It could hear Wilson's answer all Lorraine.

Course in every army the telephone us have odd and frequently changed names. For example, Parsnips may adivostock tomorrow. It might be 8s name one day or a flower's name ext.

Some P.C. that played a big part in the Mihlel battle, a skilful but rather in the dugout wheneve he is explanation as to why he had stuck it out.

Every big American gun has a name of its own, bestowed upon it by the men of the battery. One of the big ones that pounded away at the German communipounded away at the German communi-cations behind St. Mihiel was named

Of course in every army the telephone stations have odd and frequently changed code names. For example, Parsnips may be Vladivostock tomorrow. It might be a boy's name one day or a flower's name

the next.

In one P.C. that played a big part in the St. Mihlel battle, a skilful but rather effeminate young captain had to endure the titters in the dugout whenever he the telephone and was there

obliged to say:
"Yes, this is Annabelle."

In the woods just west of Thiaucourt, a lieutenant in the Sanitary Corps went out to test the water in a nearby spring. While he was on this job he looked up just in time to see two Boches advanc-While he was on this job he looked up just in time to see two Boches advancing. Although armed with nothing deadlier than a first ald pouch, he made a motion toward his right hip. Immediately both Boches, catching the motion, ulfted their hands in surrender.

"America in Europe," which is descried at its masthead as "A paper published in the interests of good fellowship among nations," is the highly entertaining journal, printed at Frankfort and delivered by airplane to the American trenches in the St. Mihiel sector, for the general purpose of demoralizing the

It is not meant to be a funny paper, but the Yanks who read it shake with laughter that would energe and bewilder the Ger-man sages who compose these periodic masterpieces.

A recent issue had a two-column cartoon entitled "A Pillory which exhibited many delighted persons gazing upon for Liars," which exhibited many delighted persons gazing upon an old-fashioned pillory, in which was imprisoned a dark and somewhat eadaverous being who was carefully labeled "The Editor of the Stars and Stripes." According to the information conveyed by this cartoon, the editor of the STARS AND STRIPES must be a long-haired, underfed civilian of unquestionably men-

As the Americans and French advanced up through the St. Mihiel sallent, French detachments followed each regiment into various towns with French signs all ready to supplant the German signs that had adorned buildings and street corners for four years.

So eager were the French to get these signs up that one French officer came near being 30 minutes too soon. He was advancing up the road towards Apremont when, less than a kilometer from the village, he almost stumbled over troops lying in the road, rifles at the shoulder. "What are you doing here?" asked the officer in charge of the troops. "I'm on my way to Apremont," replied the Frenchman, "to post these signs." "Then you'd better wait about 80 min-

"Then you'd better wait about 80 min-utes until we take it." came the reply. "It's still full of Germans."
"Yet." remarked the Frenchman. "they say we are a deliberate race and never in a hurry."

The proudest Yank in the whole advancing army was one who had an empty truck going forward. On his way up he began picking up refugees along the road, old men, women, children, cradles, baskets. But the proudest moment of his trip came when he saw a little girl, not over four years old, sitting by the side of a road with a wee doll in her nrms. The Yank stopped the truck, jumped down and gave the pair, baby and doll, the seat of honor at his left. And from that point on he watched his charge as carefully as he did the jammed and crowded road ahead.

There is one Yankee sergeant who is still uncertain as to whether he gets a wound stripe or not. He had gone forward in the charge against machine gunests and shrapnel without a mark. Then the time came to halt and dig in. While at this place he attempted to open a can of condensed meat and the same exploded, injuring his right hand.

Quite a number of Germans are not so keen at standing by their machine guns to the death as they used to be one rear guard machine gun detachment hidden in a woods began firing rapidly. But when the Yanks arrived they found such machine gun painting directly may each machine gun pointing directly up vard, with German hands extended it the same general direction.

There was one Yank private in Thiaucourt who took a chance, but he couldn't
resist the temptation. When his mates
first saw him they were uncertain
whether he was the Kaiser or the Crown
Prince as they rushed forward to make
the capture.

For he was riding a German officer's
heimet and on his chest was pinned the
iron cross, all left by German officers in
their rush to safety. The Yank squad
bent upon making an important capture
were a trifle disgusted to find that it
was only Private Jones of the Infantry.

pened, and they wanted to kiss General Pershing or somebody right away.

The Poles and the Alsatians captured are received with extra cordiality at the prison pens, where they are kept apart from the other prisoners. There is a greatly heart-warming seene when the Alsatian-born Yankee sergeant at one of the pens opens his arms to a brother distance and the Alsatian caught in a Yankee dragnet.

There are few braver, more hopeless that of one 48-year-old German soldier out food and water, stuck to his machine gun post in the tower of a shell-gutted out food and water, stuck to his machine full food and water, stuck to his machine for the pens opens his arms to a brother little town northeast of St. Mihlel.

The German, with a non-com and an-

other soldier, had been stationed in the tower and told to stick to the last by a lieutenant who immediately left for the north. When the American Artillery got too hot, the non-com and the second

his explanation as to why he had stuck it out.
"The master ill befits the servant," said the officer who examined him.
"Give him a big feed and a package of cigarettes."

The sign painter and poster got busy before the dust had settled in the wake of the Infantry. Sometimes new signs were put up, and sometimes a German sign was merely reversed and the desired American inscription painted upon it

back.
There were signs telling which way ted their hands in surrender. the roads led—some of them—and signs.

Other Boches soon came forward from that the headquarters of the — Engi-

the woods, and each, coming suddenly poon the officer still making threatening motions toward his pistol-less historrendered in turn.

By the time a sergeant and five Yankee privates came along, the lifeutenant had a bag of 19 German prisoners to turn over to them.

Incors was there and the P.C. of the Division here. But there was one sign, of the rest, that always attracted attention. It was just on the life from which the Americans started their advance. With an arrow pointing vaguely fortunity of turn over to them.

In the German army, as in the American, garden patches supplement the food ration. German military gardens in the reclaimed salient, however, were so numerous and of such size that the impression the Americans got was that the German soldiers in this sector depended largely for food upon what they themselves produced and upon, what they themselves produced and upon, what was grown by the Fernet natives forced.

they fremselves produced and upon what was grown by the French natives forced to work in the fields for three sous an hour.

Our captures include several thousand acres of gardens, and although it is rather late in the season, the pickings will be far from poor for many resourceful mess sergeants.

ful mess sergeants.

Residents of the freed towns got a real example of the American soldier's buying power. Stores and shops which had full stocks, enough to last for weeks or months with the desultory buying of the civilian population and the modestly paid German soldiers, were all sold out within two or three hours after the Americans arrived.

The hasty evacuation of certain towns by the Germans resulted in many curious finds by policing, mopping-up and salvage parties. One German brigadier who had departed with more speed than grace had apparently kept a complete file of all orders from German general headquarters and a thorough file of all confidential data and correspondence. An intelligence officer, called to the scene, started to go through it, but the task was too much for him. He shipped all the papers off to headquarters.

The collection exactly filled one Quartermaster's truck.

The main trench of resistance at certain places, at least, around the salten was about as stiff and scientifically enforced a line as most of the doughboys

forced a line as most of the doughboys who took it had ever had an opportunity to examine. Behind numerous outer trenches and machine gun and picket posts this main line ran, usually along high ground commanding a sweep of all the space for many yards in front.

It was for the most part about 10 feet deep and four or five feet wide at the top, with steps leading up to machine gun and lookout posts at the top and stafrways leading to deep dugouts below. It was reinforced at doubtful points by stone or concrete walls. At points particularly likely to be attacked concrete pill boxes and block houses had been installed.

The communication trenches to the

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rear were deep and well drained. Signs

rear were deep and well drained. Signs gave such information as the number of each section, the way to the officers' dugouts, and the way to the company P.C.'s. But withat this line fell to the Americans with practically no resistance, and the deep gash in the earth was only an incident for the tanks.

The entrances to the dugouts had, in places, been choked up with banked earth, suggesting that possibly the officers had sought to prevent the men in the front line from seeking shelter in them during times of stress.

The Boche left the St. Mihiel salient

The Boche left the St. Mihiel salient so abruptly that he didn't have time to destroy the bridges, plant his usual number of booby traps, or render railroads, military and otherwise, temporarily useless, so the work of the Engineers wasn't as varied, on the whole, as it has been in some actions. But many Engineer detachments distinguished themselves by going overthe top with the doughboys for wire-cutting and the like, and some of these remained with the lufantry and romped on to the finish.

to the finish.

In one case two Engineers and an Infantryman pushed down a road, rounded a hill at the edge of a sizeable town, fired upon a quartet of Germans, who hastily departed, and then marched into the town and proclaimed to the joyful, enthusiastic batives that they took the village in the name of President Wilson. They announced that the town would be turned back to the natives as soon as an officer arrived to take charge of the ceremony. to the finish.

The Engineers were particularly quick in getting some of the Boche rolling stock to rolling again. One unit was operating a German narrow gauge railroad 12 hours after the Boche left it. Little locomotives were running about their German nameplates effaced, rechristened in chalk.
"Madaline — Company E, — Engineers," read the inscription on one. One Engineer sergeant's best girl back to the States had been honored, even if she wasn't there to know about it.

"Can anyody run this" asked an Engineer captain of his company, pointing to one diminutive engine with a thywheel like a threshing machine.
"Sure, I can, sir," said one husky private from his company. "I've fired on 27 railroads, I've been fired from seven, I've worked on every kind of locomotive. 21 railroads, I've been fired from seven, I've worked on every kind of locomotive the Baldwin Works ever thought of, and I can run anything with four wheels that Fritz can build. I'll have this baby talk-ing English in an hour."

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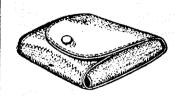
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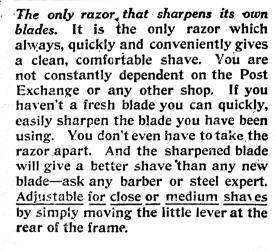
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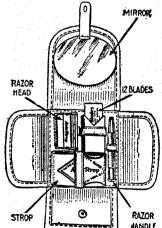
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